

"PRESS GANG"

SECOND SERIES

EPISODE 7

"SOMETHING TERRIBLE"

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Producer

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"SOMETHING TERRIBLE"

CAST

LYNDA  
KENNY  
SPIKE  
SAM  
COLIN  
FRAZZ  
SARAH

BENJAMIN  
MALCOLM BULLIVANT  
CINDY  
KEVIN  
TIDDLER

CHRISSIE  
CZAR  
MRS. DAY  
CINDY'S DAD

DAY 1 Scs. 701 - 708

DAY 2 Scs. 709 - 721

DAY 3 Scs. 722 - 725

701 EXT. NORBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL. DAY 701  
Long shot of the school. The bell rings.

702 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 702  
Shot of classroom door. Sixth Years are filing out, among them LYNDA. We pan round with her as she heads away from us down the corridor.  
SPIKE is coming towards us. As the two of them pass they barely glance at one another.

LYNDA  
Morning, Spike.

SPIKE  
Morning, Lynda.

They continue on their way.

703 INT. STAIRWELL. DAY 703  
Lynda appears through the fire doors. She glances quickly back down the corridor, checks her watch, then heads up the stairs. As it is the morning break everyone else is heading down.

704 INT. OTHER STAIRWELL. DAY 704  
Spike appears through the fire doors leading from the other end of the corridor. He checks his watch, heads quickly down a short flight of steps leading to the outside door.

705 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR. DAY 705  
Lynda is walking quickly down the corridor. She rounds a corner.

706 EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY 706  
As most of the KIDS pour into the playground Spike makes his way round the side of the school building.

707 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY 707  
The classroom is deserted as Lynda enters. She crosses quickly to the row of windows, starts to open one of them.

Spike has walked round the back of the school - apart from him it is deserted. He leans against the wall, waiting. He glances at his watch, looks around.

LYNDA (O.S.)

Spike!

Spike looks slowly up with an expression of disbelief.

LYNDA

I thought it would be safer if I stayed up here - so no one sees us together.

SPIKE

Let me go out on a limb here. Are you ashamed of me?

LYNDA

Of course I'm not ashamed of you! How could I be ashamed?

SPIKE

Good. Thank you.

LYNDA

No one knows I go out with you.

Spike gives her a look but lets it pass.

SPIKE

Could you please just get down here?

LYNDA

Spike, I don't think it would be right for me to...

SPIKE

Stop thinking of yourself, Lynda! How's it going to look if I'm caught behind the school without a girl?

LYNDA

I'm not coming down!

SPIKE

Okay, fine. I'm coming up!

He springs onto the drain pipe, starts to climb swiftly up.

LYNDA

What are you doing?

SPIKE

Isn't this fun? I haven't done this since I took those pyjama shots of you.

LYNDA

What pyjama shots?

SPIKE

You thought it was lightning, right?

He is now perched on the ledge.

LYNDA

Spike, this is stupid. You could have an accident.

SPIKE

I'll be okay.

LYNDA

You don't know what I have in mind.

708A INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

708A

Spike clambers through the window. Lynda has already gone to the door. She looks up and down the corridor, closes door again.

SPIKE

How long have we been going out together, Lynda?

LYNDA

Four days. How can you forget these things?

SPIKE

Because, Lynda, going out together usually involves - and this may surprise you - going out together. Like dates and stuff. Like maybe even seeing one another occasionally. I know, it was in Biology.

LYNDA

(tenderly)  
Oh, Spike...

She goes over to him, links her hands behind Spike's neck.

LYNDA

(gently)  
I just don't think we should tell anyone about this for the moment.

SPIKE

And how long's 'for the moment'? What are we talking here, late '97?

LYNDA

Well I'll see how I feel then.

Spike looks away in disgust. Lynda laughs, shakes him gently.

LYNDA

Hey, joke!

SPIKE

(pulling away from her)  
Don't ever call me that!

LYNDA

Spike...

SPIKE

I mean, what have I got out of this so far? I'll tell you, Lynda! Five lousy kisses! I counted.

LYNDA

Is that why I felt your lips move?  
(flares indignantly)  
What do you mean, lousy kisses??

SPIKE

I mean forgetting to take the pencil out of your mouth first. That loses you points, Lynda. Of course you gain a few for helping me get it out of my nose afterwards And washing all the blood off my shirt. And the walls. And I'm grateful you told the neighbours the noise was a television documentary about vivisection...

LYNDA

You're exaggerating now...

SPIKE

And I guess the extra nostril is just something I'll get used to.

LYNDA

Spike...

SPIKE

Know where else you lose points?  
Spending the whole of a thirty second kiss constantly looking around to see if anyone's coming.



LYNDA

Well I said we should take it in turns!

SPIKE

Another thing. When I'm on my final approach don't fold your arms. It's kind of off-putting.

LYNDA

It was cold.

SPIKE

Hey, I was on my way.

LYNDA

How about the one in the newsroom corridor, that was good - I didn't look about or fold my arms. Or stick a pencil up your nose.

SPIKE

(thinking)  
The corridor?

LYNDA

The really passionate one. Number four.

SPIKE

Oh, yeh. That went okay.

LYNDA

(affronted)  
It was passionate!

SPIKE

It was nice, I enjoyed it. I wasn't the least bit bored but I didn't exactly lose any fillings either.

LYNDA

Well it was okay coming from me!

SPIKE

From you? I was doing most of the work, kid!

LYNDA

Well you don't have my handicap.

SPIKE

And what's that?

LYNDA

You don't have to kiss who I do.

SPIKE

(looks at her)  
Actually I do have that handicap!

They stare resentfully at one another for a moment. Lynda drops her gaze.

LYNDA

(miserably)  
Well, you wanted to go out with me.  
God knows why.

SPIKE

I hope so, it's sure as hell slipped  
my mind. Oh yeh, that was it. I'm  
certifiably crazed about you.

Lynda looks up at him.

LYNDA

(bluntly)  
Why?

SPIKE

I don't know. I must be certifiably  
crazed.

LYNDA

(looks at him a moment; smiles coyly)  
You're certifiable?

SPIKE

Yup.

LYNDA

About me?

SPIKE

It'll be your name I'm muttering when  
they take away my shoe laces.

LYNDA

Promise?

SPIKE

Promise.

LYNDA

(smiles at him)  
You make me go a bit insane at the knees,  
too.

SPIKE

We'll get a little place together.  
Roses round the door and a hatch they  
can push the rubber plates through.



They both laugh. Spike goes serious, places his hands on Lynda's shoulders.

SPIKE

I just don't want to think you're ashamed of being with me.

LYNDA

I'm not, Spike. I could never be ashamed of being with you.

SPIKE

Well, that's good to hear.

LYNDA

Now I've got to go meet Sarah - I reset her watch to give me an alibi.

SPIKE

(despairing)  
Oh, Lynda...

LYNDA

She'll notice soon, I have to go.

SPIKE

Lynda...

LYNDA

(cutting him off)  
Spike, I am not ashamed of you! At all!  
Okay?

She gives him a quick kiss.

LYNDA

I'll take the stairs, you go out the window.

She turns to the door. Spike watches her dejectedly.

SPIKE

This is getting depressing, Lynda.

LYNDA

See you in the Newsroom.

SPIKE

(looking down out of window)  
I could have an accident, you know.

LYNDA

You'll be okay.

SPIKE

You don't know what I have in mind.

He starts to clamber through the window. A wide shot of the classroom, Spike climbing out the window on one side, Lynda going out the door on the other. As they go we fade up the Episode Title:

"SOMETHING TERRIBLE"

709 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

709

A close shot of Benjamin Drexil - thin, weedy, very spotty. He wears wire-rimmed glasses.

COLIN (O.S.)

Benjamin Drexil?

BENJAMIN

Right, yes.

COLIN (O.S.)

Age last birthday?

BENJAMIN

Sixteen and a half. I mean...

COLIN (O.S.)

Height?

BENJAMIN

Ahhh... Four foot two, not counting my head.

A wider shot as Colin looks up from his clipboard in bafflement at this answer. Around him the storeroom has been crudely converted into a kind of consulting room. FRAZZ is sitting attentively in one corner.

COLIN

Not counting your head?

BENJAMIN

My mum measured me.

COLIN

She didn't measure your head?

BENJAMIN

She was in a hurry.

COLIN

(makes a note on clipboard)  
I see. What about hobbies? You mentioned train spotting.

BENJAMIN

Train spotting, yes.

COLIN

Train spotting, Frazz. Make a note of that.

FRAZZ

I haven't got a notebook.

COLIN

Well make a note of it later.

FRAZZ

I'm busy later.

COLIN

Well remember it!

FRAZZ

Remember what?

COLIN

(with bitter feeling)  
Thank you, Frazz!

Colin pulls up a chair close to Benjamin so that they come face to acne-raddled face.

COLIN

Train spotting, eh? So how long have you been interested in spots? Trains!  
Train spotting.

BENJAMIN

As long as I can remember. About a year.

COLIN

What attracts you to it, Benjamin? The trains? The challenge? Or is it just hanging about stations with a notebook impressing the chicks.

BENJAMIN

Yeh, that!  
(frowns, troubled)  
I think.

COLIN

And now you want a new image, right?

BENJAMIN

Yeh. Something more macho. More exciting and dangerous. But still to do with train spotting.

COLIN

Bejamin...  
 (claps a hand to his shoulder)  
 You've come to the right place!

710 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

710

A shot through the glass of the doors.

An enormous, brute-faced, hulking figure appears on the far side and looks menacingly into the Newsroom. This is MALCOLM BULLIVANT. He is about nineteen or twenty and has an expression of bovine stupidity.

MALCOLM

Hey! You!

A shot of KENNY turning from the filing cabinet along from the doors.

KENNY

Me?

MALCOLM

Called your name, didn't I?

KENNY

Well, no.

MALCOLM

Then what did you answer for?

He turns and heads into the Newsroom. Kenny follows, looking at him curiously.

KENNY

You're Malcolm Bullivant, aren't you?

MALCOLM

Yeh.  
 (turns impressively)  
 But everyone calls me Bull!

KENNY

(brightly; making a joke)  
 Short for Malcolm, right?

MALCOLM

(perfectly serious)  
 Yeh, s'pose so.

KENNY

(going over to him)  
 Didn't you get kicked out of Norbridge High? About four years back?

Malcolm looks menacingly down at him.

KENNY (Cont'd)

(hastily)  
Hey, well not kicked! Persuaded.

MALCOLM

(proudly)  
I scratched my name twenty seven times on the Headmaster's car bonnet.

KENNY

(affecting great interest)  
Really?

MALCOLM

'Malcolm Bullivant Rules OK'. Twenty seven times.

KENNY

Twenty seven, eh?

MALCOLM

Yeh. And I'll tell you - if I ever find out who told him it was me...!

He shakes his head significantly then turns and heads into the Newsroom, looking around as if for someone in particular. Kenny follows, plainly troubled at this intrusion.

KENNY

Look, can I help you at all? Would you like a seat or - several?

MALCOLM

I'm not staying. But I've got to kill someone before I go.

KENNY

I see, yes - must be a tough habit to break. Listen, couldn't you just skip today's murder and do two tomorrow?

But Malcolm isn't listening.

MALCOLM

(points)  
Him!

Kenny looks. Malcolm points at a poster on Colin's Storeroom doors. A 'sincere' photo of Colin headlined with 'Give Yourself a New Image'. Beneath the photo is 'CM Enterprises Personality Training'.

KENNY

Oh, Colin! Are you on the waiting list?

MALCOM

He challenged me.

KENNY

What?

MALCOLM

To a fight. He challenged me.

KENNY

(stares in disbelief)  
Colin did??

LYNDA (O.S.)

Kenny!

Kenny looks around. Lynda has just arrived. She is hanging up her jacket on the coat stand. CHRISSIE is with her.

LYNDA

(calling over)  
Got a minute?

KENNY

Actually, no. There's someone here to kill Colin.

LYNDA

Well I'm sure he can manage it without you.

KENNY

(turns back to Malcolm)  
'Scuse me!

Malcolm turns to the doors, pushes through them. They swing back at us bringing the Personality Training poster into close-up. We hold on this.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

(menacing)  
Colin Matthews?

COLIN (O.S.)

(cheerily)  
Ah yes! I can see what's wrong with your personality straight off!

CUT TO:

Filing cabinet drawer being emphatically shut. We pan up to Lynda flicking through some files she has taken. We go with her as she heads back to her desk, whistling cheerfully.

Chrissie and Kenny are at Kenny/Lynda's desk.

KENNY

You're cheerful today, boss.

Lynda stops in her tracks, stares at him.

LYNDA

What do you mean, cheerful? Why should I be cheerful? What are you trying to say, Kenny?

KENNY

(taken aback at her reaction)  
Well, sorry, I just thought...

He glances at Chrissie, appealing for help.

CHRISSIE

You were whistling, that's all.

LYNDA

Well I've whistled before, haven't I?

Chrissie and Kenny look at her blankly.

KENNY

When?

LYNDA

(thinks)  
February.

There is an awkward silence.

CHRISSIE

Look, ah... shouldn't we just get down to business?

711 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

711

Shot of a section of wall as Colin is slammed against it.

COLIN

I challened you??

MALCOLM

Where d'you want me to take you apart then? Here or outside?



COLIN

That's a tough one, could you run it by  
my again?

For answer Malcolm throws Colin to the floor. He lands at  
the feet of Frazz and Benjamin who are watching all this  
with interest and wonder respectively.

COLIN

(to Benjamin; from floor)  
This is another of my courses -  
assertiveness training.

MALCOLM

Get up or I'll smash your head in!

COLIN

(still to Benjamin)  
Marvelous! He can say that without  
flinching now!

MALCOLM

Are you going to get up then?

COLIN

Listen, could I get back to you on that?

Close shot of Colin as Malcolm's foot descends on his  
head, crushing his face between foot and floor.

COLIN

No?

MALCOLM

You wanted a fight, you're getting one!

COLIN

Frazz, you don't feel like lending a  
hand here, do you?

FRAZZ

Nah, he seems to be doing okay.

COLIN

Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

(with a glance at Frazz)  
Actually, I think we should both help.

FRAZZ

What?

BENJAMIN

(going over; new strength in his voice)  
It's obvious to me this is a very  
serious situation.

COLIN

Thanks, Benjamin!

BEJAMIN

(to Malcolm)

You see, I used to be a bit unassertive myself...

Colin's face registers total disbelief.

MALCOLM

(snarling at Benjamin)  
Back off!

BENJAMIN

(winces away)

Oh, right.

(to Colin)

I think he's better now.

COLIN

Benjamin, I don't think you're quite understanding...

Colin is abruptly heaved to his feet by Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Right then! You wanting a fight or what?

COLIN

Who told you that??

MALCOLM

Your sister!

COLIN

My sister?

MALCOLM

You told her you could hammer me! You told her I was a complete wimp!

COLIN

(skeptically)

Are we talking about a fat little kid here? About four foot seven and nineteen stone?

MALCOLM

Well, she wasn't fat but...

COLIN

Did she have chocolate all round her mouth? And a squint you could fall over looking at?

MALCOLM

Yeh, that's her all right! Except for the squint. And the chocolate.

COLIN

She's always got chocolate. We have to keep feeding her sweets so she won't eat the furniture.

MALCOLM

Look, she told me outside Czar's that you...

COLIN

Outside? My sister doesn't go outside, it makes her feel faint.

MALCOLM

If you don't shut up I'm going to thump you!

COLIN

You're going to thump me anyway!

MALCOLM

Oh, right. Sorry.

And with that he throws Colin against the doors with a tremendous thump. On the thump we

CUT TO:

712 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

712

A shot of the poster on the doors just as the doors vibrate with the impact. The poster falls from the door.

Shot of Chrissie, Kenny and Lynda.

CHRISSIE

... so we can't keep supporting you on that. The Junior Gazette has to be self sufficient, you knew that from the start.

KENNY

But you did promise us help with printing costs.

CHRISSIE

Initially. That phase is over.

LYNDA

I suppose we could save money on travel expenses, we're putting out too much on that anyway.

(to Kenny)

And it was twice.

KENNY

What?

LYNDA

I whistled twice in February. You were there both times so I don't know what you're on about.

(to Chrissie)

Tell Kerr to give us two weeks and we'll cover printing.

CHRISSIE

Well, I'll try it on him...

LYNDA

(to Kenny)

I mean, okay, I whistled. Guilty! It doesn't have to mean anything, Kenny!

KENNY

Lynda, I didn't...

LYNDA

I just can't believe the way you're over-reacting about this.

(to Chrissie)

Could you maybe try for three weeks, let him knock you down to two.

CHRISSIE

I'd better try for four.

LYNDA

(to Kenny)

Just because I whistle doesn't mean there's something going on, you know. Why should it mean that? Give me one reason why it should mean that!

As if in answer, Spike comes bursting through the doors whistling exactly the same tune as Lynda.

Lynda stares aghast as Spike makes his way to his desk.

CHRISSIE

Another thing. Your interview with Edward Allison, that's going to overlap with our...

LYNDA

What a coincidence!

CHRISSIE

What?

LYNDA  
Spike whistling the same tune as me.

KENNY  
Was he?

LYNDA  
(thinks about this)  
No.

She gets up impulsively, heads over to Spike.

LYNDA  
I've got to talk to Spike.

She darts back, snatching a paper at random from the desk.

LYNDA  
About this!

She goes. SAM appears in shot, having witnessed the above.

SAM  
Well, look who just vapourised her deodorant!

Sam and Kenny laugh. Chrissie looks on, bemused.

CHRISSIE  
What exactly is going on here?

SAM  
Spike and Lynda are pretending they're not going out with each other. And we're all pretending we don't know.

KENNY  
I haven't had this much fun since she sprained her arm in primary five!

CHRISSIE  
Explain something to me, Kenny. You two are supposed to be best friends. How can you enjoy her spraining her arm?

KENNY  
We are best friends. She was trying to push me out of a window at the time.

Shot of Spike and Lynda. Lynda holds the sheet of paper up between them as if they were discussing its contents. In the background we can see Colin's Storeroom doors occasionally vibrate with a tremendous thump and we can just hear muffled cries for help.

LYNDA

Keep your eyes on the paper, pretend we're discussing it.

SPIKE

So why shouldn't I walk in whistling?

LYNDA

Because I did - the exact same tune. Talk about a give-away!

She turns and shouts over her shoulder to where the Storeroom doors are still being battered.

LYNDA

Could you keep it down in there please!!

VOICE

(from within)  
Sorry.

SPIKE

Tell you what. Give me a list of the tunes you're likely to whistle for the next month and I'll stay off them.

LYNDA

(taking him seriously)  
Yeh, I'll try and arrange that.

Kenny appears.

KENNY

Lynda, Chrissie hasn't much time. We've got to finish this meeting.

LYNDA

(indicating paper)  
This is important too, Kenny. I've got some details to clear up.

KENNY

Well, can I have it back afterwards?

LYNDA

What?

KENNY

My shopping list - it's some stuff I've got to pick up for my mum.

Lynda looks at him for a long moment, struggling for a good explanation. She hands him the paper.

LYNDA

Well it all seems to be in order.

Beyond them the much abused doors to Colin's storeroom finally crash open and a figure is sent hurtling out.

Everyone turns. The figure is Malcolm Bullivant. He gets to his feet with an expression of wild panic and bolts for the door.

Spike, Kenny and Lynda stare in astonishment. They look round to Colin's storeroom. Colin appears in the doorway shooting his cuffs and looking suavely heroic.

COLIN

If he turns up again just give me a shout.

He disappears again, closing the doors. Spike, Kenny and Lynda stare in total disbelief.

713 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

713

Colin turns to Benjamin, who is dusting himself down and putting his spectacles back on.

COLIN

So! You didn't think your black belt in judo was worth mentioning.

BENJAMIN

Well, I thought people would be more interested in the train spotting angle.

COLIN

I see, yes.  
(to Frazz)  
I was set up, Frazz.

FRAZZ

Yup.

COLIN

Worrying, isn't it?

FRAZZ

No.  
(realises)  
Oh, you mean for you...

BENJAMIN

You see, I only got into judo to defend myself from all my friends...

COLIN

Yeh, good thinking Benjy. Frazz, I've got to know who's behind this.



BENJAMIN

They were all kind of ribbing me about a new alloy I'd developed for my school science project...

CCLIN

Not just now, Benj. So who hates me enough to want me battered senseless by Malcolm the shaving gorilla?

FRAZZ

Will I get the list?

CCLIN

Yeh. Filing cabinet, drawers two and three. And four.

As Frazz goes to the filing cabinet there is a knock at the door.

Absently Colin reaches over and opens the door.

CCLIN

(as he opens)  
Sorry about all that, Lynda, I...

It isn't Lynda. It is a small girl of about twelve. This is CINDY.

CINDY

Hi.

Colin stares.

CINDY

You don't know me - I'm your sister.  
(smiles pertly)  
Can I buy you a coffee?

714 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CZAR'S. DAY

714

Establishing shot of Czar's Cafe.

715 INT. CZAR'S. DAY

715

Cindy is setting down a coffee in front of Colin and a coke for herself. She now takes one of the plastic milk containers and starts to peel off the foil.

CINDY

You take milk, a lot. And four sugars.

COLIN

Three.

CINDY

You tell people three. But it's four really.

She pours the milk into his coffee. Colin watches her, bemused and curious - and more than a little resentful.

COLIN

Why did you set me up?

CINDY

My name's Cindy, by the way.

COLIN

You set me up, Cindy. Why?  
(face changes)  
Did I sell you one of those hair driers?  
Hey look, one lousy house burns down and everyone's...

CINDY

I didn't buy a hair drier. They were the ones with the electrical fault, right?

COLIN

What if they were? I put a warning on the box, didn't I? "Wear rubber".

CINDY

I love the story about the pings. I mean, selling defective half ping-pong balls at a profit, amazing!

COLIN

You tried to get Malcolm Bullivant to do me over, why?  
(thought strikes him)  
Did I sell you the alligator boots?  
Look, I can get you two left ones...

CINDY

Malcolm's just someone I was annoying. He kind of threatened me so I told him my brother would bash him. And I told him you were my brother.

COLIN

Why?

CINDY

You know my favourite story? The one where you go to Warner Edison's funeral in a pink rabbit suit!

COLIN

Why me? Don't you have a brother of your own you could get beaten up?

CINDY

He defected.

COLIN

What?

CINDY

He went to Russia. He discovered a secret formula and took it to Russia with him.

Colin stares at Cindy in mounting incredulity.

CINDY

And I couldn't go to my dad because he's dead.

COLIN

Dead?

CINDY

Yup.

COLIN

Not defected?

CINDY

He fell two thousand feet from a helicopter - it was very sudden. Can I have a cake?

COLIN

(looks at her a moment)  
You are one weird kid, Cindy. You're even weirder than my real sister - and she had a brace put on her teeth because she thought it would improve her appearance.

(troubled thought)  
Funny thing - it did...

CINDY

(looking around at the counter)  
I want one of the ones with all the cream on top.

COLIN

Why me, Cindy?

CINDY

Because I think you're brilliant! Can I have a cake?

COLIN

Buy one.

CINDY

I don't have any money - I spent it on your coffee.

Colin sighs, gets up.

COLIN

I must be getting soft. Here.

He hands her a slip of paper. As he does, his hand touches hers. Instantly she flinches away from the contact. The moment is not overstressed but we do see that Colin briefly notes it happening.

COLIN

Sign this IOU slip, address and phone number on the back.

He goes. We hold on Cindy as she watches him head to the counter. She picks up the IOU slip, inspects both sides of it. She laughs and looks around at Colin again.

A shot from Cindy's P.O.V. CZAR is taking a cream cake from the display case.

A closer shot as Czar deposits the cake in front of Colin.

CZAR

By the way - those buns you sold us, the ones you said couldn't go stale...

COLIN

(paying)  
Yeh?

CZAR

They were stale when they arrived!

COLIN

(as if this proved his point)  
Well?

He turns.

A shot from his P.O.V. Cindy has gone.

He looks around. There is no sign of her. He goes quickly over to the table, checks underneath it she isn't there. Goes to the doors.

716 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CZAR'S. DAY

716

Colin comes out through the doors. Looks up and down the street. There is no sign of Cindy. He becomes aware that he is standing there holding a rather silly looking cream cake. He turns, goes back inside. We hold on the shot of the cafe.

COLIN (O.S.)

Could I have a refund on this cake?

717 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

717

Frazz is at his desk trying to ignore Benjamin, who insists on showing him a series of photographs.

BENJAMIN

(proudly)  
See? I have a complete set of aerial photographs of all the local railway lines. I think people would find that interesting, don't you? It's the side of myself I keep hidden.

FRAZZ

(bored senseless)  
Yeh, I can understand that.

BENJAMIN

I've only got fifty-three of them here, I could go home and get the rest.

FRAZZ

(anguished)  
No, please don't!!  
(remembers to add)  
... bother yourself. So, ah... how did you get all these?

BENJAMIN

Oh, just with a camera strapped to my hang-glider. Look, this is a good one, you can see the points...

Shot of the doors as Colin comes through them, he heads to his desk. TIDDLER joins him.

TIDDLER

Colin, what does a rabbit mean to you?

COLIN

A four-pack of lucky feet. Not just now, Tiddler!

He throws himself into his chair behind his desk.

TIDDLER

(perching on his desk)  
Have I told you about the high  
productivity yield of my rabbits?

COLIN

What?

TIDDLER

Henry and George have produced more  
bunnies than almost any other pair of  
domestic rabbits since records began.

Colin looks at her.

TIDDLER

Yeh, I am thinking of changing the names.  
Anyway, I'm prepared to let you in on  
the ground floor here. They're good  
little workers, you won't regret it.

COLIN

I don't deal in animals unless they're  
freeze-dried in cellophane.

TIDDLER

People love bunnies.  
(giving him paper)  
Look, here's an estimate of their output  
for next year...

COLIN

Tiddler...

TIDDLER

But it could be even more. You just  
place the orders and I'll know how much  
to feed them.

Colin is about to get rid of her when a thought occurs to  
him.

COLIN

Tiddler, do you know a girl called Cindy?  
She might even go to our school.

TIDDLER

Cindy? No. Why?

COLIN

See if you can find out anything. I'll  
pay for good information.

TIDDLER

You'll pay?? This is really serious,  
right?

COLIN

She's about eleven. Dark hair, little.  
And kind of... strange.

TIDDLER

I'll get right on to it.

COLIN

Get Sophie and Laura on to it too.

TIDDLER

(boggling)  
She's strange even compared to them??

COLIN

Let me know when you find anything.

TIDDLER

How was she strange?

COLIN

(dismissing it)  
Oh, just the way she talked.  
(frowns, remembering)  
She seemed to know all about me, you  
know? And half way through talking to  
her she just... disappeared.  
(nervous laugh)  
Like a ghost.

This last thought strikes him - and troubles him.

TIDDLER

Well! I'll see what I can find out.

Tiddler goes. Colin barely notices. He is lost in  
troubled thoughts of his own.

DISSOLVE TO:

718 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM. DAY

718

Shot of Lynda's goldfish swimming about in its bowl. Food  
is being sprinkled on the surface of the water. We pan up  
to a shot of Lynda sprinkling the food.

LYNDA

Come on, eat your food, Sullivan. You  
won't grow up to be a shark if you  
don't eat your food.



There is a knock at the door.

LYNDA (Cont'd)

Come in, Sarah!

The door opens, It is Spike who comes in.

LYNDA

(not looking around)

I heard the doorbell. Did the skirt  
fit okay?

SPIKE

Yeh, but could you help me shave my  
legs?

She spins around. Spike grins at her. She stares back in  
horror.

LYNDA

I thought you were Sarah.

SPIKE

Hey, great! Would it work in the girls'  
changing rooms too?

LYNDA

Spike, you've got to go. Sarah's  
coming round.

SPIKE

You're kidding me, that girl's been  
dopey for years!

LYNDA

Coming round here.  
(sudden anxious thought)  
Who answered the door to you?

SPIKE

Your Mum.

LYNDA

Did he suspect anything?

SPIKE

Nah, she just kept asking me about my  
prospects.

She grabs him, starts pulling him to the door.

LYNDA

Come on, move it! Sarah's due about now!

SPIKE

(pulling free)  
We've got to have a talk!

LYNDA

We don't have time! Sarah...

SPIKE

If I know Sarah she'll be late enough  
for us to get a few things sorted out.

LYNDA

Spike...

SPIKE

Lynda, will you please for once just  
listen to me! I'm being serious now!  
This is my serious look, okay?

Lynda is momentarily silenced.

SPIKE

We need a talk. You and me, here and  
now, we need a serious talk about our  
relationship. I was just sitting at  
home, Lynda, and it came to me. A  
serious talk is what we need.

Distantly the doorbell rings.

SPIKE

(registering this; hopefully)  
I'd settle for a quick feel!

LYNDA

The window, move it!!

SPIKE

No way! We've done that one!

LYNDA

She'll be up here any second.

SPIKE

Fine!

Spike throws himself on the bed, puts his hands  
nonchalantly behind his head.

LYNDA

Climb out the window, Spike - you're  
just being childish!

Spike stares at the ceiling, ignoring her. She hears  
footsteps on the stairs, darts for the door.

719 INT. LYNDA'S LANDING. DAY

719

Lynda encounters SARAH just as she reaches the top of the stairs.

LYNDA

Hi, Sarah!

SARAH

Hi, Lynda. I brought you your skirt back.

LYNDA

(taking it)  
Thanks. Was that all?

SARAH

(frowns, puzzled)  
I thought we were going to work on the Maths homework?

LYNDA

Well, yeh, but...

SARAH

(heading past her to the bedroom)  
You said you wanted help with Calculas.

LYNDA

Ah, Sarah...

It is too late. Sarah has disappeared into the bedroom. There is a moment of silence.

LYNDA

Okay, okay, so Spike's in my bedroom, lying on my bed. Look, he just dropped some stuff off from the Newsroom for me, that's all. There was just some stuff in the Newsroom I needed, I phoned him to get it for me, okay? So he stuck around for a while, what's wrong with that?

She follows Sarah into the room as she says the last part of this.

720 INT. LYNDA'S BEDROOM. DAY

720

LYNDA

I mean, what exactly is wrong with that?

SARAH

(stares at her)  
He isn't here.

Lynda looks around - there is indeed no sign of Spike.

LYNDA

Oh!  
(smiles brightly at Sarah)  
I must have been mistaken!

721 EXT. LYNDA'S HOUSE. DAY

721

Shot from outside of Lynda's bedroom window, partly open. We see Lynda appear at it, close it emphatically. We pan down to Spike below the window, nursing one of his feet. He starts to limp off down the drive.

He passes MRS. DAY who is pruning the roses.

MRS. DAY

She didn't push you out the window,  
did she?

SPIKE

No, I jumped.

MRS. DAY

I know how you feel.

She goes back to her roses as Spike limps off.

722 EXT. TOWN CENTRE/PEDESTRIAN PRECINCT. DAY

722

Shot panning round bustling Precinct. We see but do not particularly note a ROBOTICS DANCER performing to a small AUDIENCE. We end on a shop just as Colin appears out of it, snapping his notebook shut with a satisfied smile - he has obviously just concluded a deal.

As he pockets his notebook he looks up - and stares.

A shot from Colin's P.O.V. Cindy is sitting on one of the shoppers' benches in the middle of the Precinct. She isn't looking in Colin's direction. She simply sits and stares off sadly into the middle distance.

Colin looks at her thoughtfully for a moment, then heads over to her.

A closer shot of Cindy. We are looking from just behind her shoulder, so that her hair hides her face.

COLIN (O.S.)

Cindy?

Cindy doesn't turn. Colin reaches out a hand, touches her shoulder. Instantly Cindy springs away from the contact, swings round on Colin. Her face is tear streaked. She holds one hand to where Colin touched her shoulder.

Colin stares at her, baffled. Suddenly she turns and bolts away.

She charges through the Robotics Dancer's audience. A moment later Colin is chasing her.

Cindy races through the clear space in the middle of the audience, brushing against the Dancer as she dashes out of sight.

A second later Colin is after her. Unfortunately he catches his foot on the Dancer's money-collecting hat and goes sprawling onto the ground. He is about to spring to his feet again when he is completely distracted by the amount of money now rolling about the concrete. He looks quickly up at the masked Dancer, who has stopped to watch all this.

COLIN

Are you represented?

DANCER

Hi, Colin!

Colin stares, taken aback.

DANCER

Just raising some money to buy a few train manuals.

The Dancer rips his mask off to reveal, of course, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

I think that would give me more credibility, don't you?

Colin stares in disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

723 EXT. SLEAZY BACK STREET. DAY

723

Colin is emerging through a sleazy-looking door in a run-down building. The door closes softly behind him as he snaps shut his notebook with another satisfied smile.



As he sets off up the alley he hears a noise behind him. He turns. There seems to be someone just out of sight round the corner. A thought occurs to him.

COLIN

Cindy?

There is a moment of silence - then Malcolm Bullivant walks round the corner.

MALCOLM

Well, look who's here!

A few of Malcolm's FRIENDS appear round the corner to join him - all as large and menacing.

MALCOLM

Well, look who wants his head done in!

They all laugh. Colin stares in abject terror. Suddenly he has a clever idea.

COLIN

Look behind you!

None of them stir. Colin slowly registers that this hasn't worked.

COLIN

You know about that one, right?

They start to move forward.

COLIN

(gabbling as he retreats)  
Look, I can fill out IOU slips to all of you guys. We could be talking a fiver each here!

They continue their advance.

COLIN

Feel free to haggle!

CINDY (O.S.)

Colin, don't!

Cindy comes racing into shot, plants herself in front of Colin to make an impassioned appeal.

CINDY

Just leave them alone, Colin! You mustn't go back to all that.

COLIN

What?

CINDY

They've got family, friends, people who care about them...

COLIN

(looking around, alarmed)  
Have they? Where?

She swings around on the now rather bemused Malcolm and his cohorts.

CINDY

You're provoking him on purpose, aren't you? You want him taken away again, don't you?

MALCOLM

Away where?

CINDY

(to Colin)  
It's not worth it, Colin! Remember the electrodes!

COLIN

The what?

CINDY

Is it the voices again? Are they telling you to do the bad thing?

She swings around on Malcolm again.

CINDY

Don't let him do the bad thing. They'll never let him out again!

Malcolm and his gang are glancing at one another uncertainly.

COLIN

Look, she's making this up! I don't know what she's talking about.

Cindy looks at Colin in despair. The gang start to look a little relieved. Then Colin puts one hand to his temple and looks skyward.

COLIN

Make her go away, grandmother.

Malcolm and the gang stare. Malcolm finds his voice first.



MALCOLM

We know this is rubbish! You think you can scare us with this rubbish?

Colin stares mad-eyed at Malcolm.

COLIN

Must I, grandmother? He's so young!

MALCOLM

(only slightly disconcerted)  
Give it up! This isn't fooling anyone! Is it guys?

The guys are silent and staring.

MALCOLM

(firmer)  
Is it?

There is a general flurry of hasty agreement.

MALCOLM

It's rubbish, this is!

COLIN

(suddenly normal)  
Of course it's rubbish. And so's that story about my aunt, she just emigrated, okay? I mean, a couple of dogs start sniffing at the flower bed and everyone's talking!

MALCOLM

We're not going to stand here and listen to this! Are we guys?

There is an enthused chorus of 'No's'.

MALCOLM

Let's leave these nutters to it!  
(to Colin)  
Don't think we believed any of this!

COLIN

(troubled; skyward)  
How could you know his address, grandmother?

Malcolm and his cohorts go off down the alley, jeering and laughing. Colin watches them, grins.

COLIN

(turning)  
I like your style, kid!

He frowns, baffled. The alley is empty. Cindy has gone.

724 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

724

Colin in his chair, feet on his desk. Tiddler is perched on the desk as they talk.

COLIN

She followed me round the whole day.  
One time she was crying, next time  
she was pattering worse than me!

TIDDLER

Sounds pretty strange.

COLIN

You haven't been able to find out  
anything?

TIDDLER

(shrugs)  
Sorry. Want to come see my bunnies?

Colin shakes his head absorbedly, goes back into his brown study. Tiddler heads off.

We pan with her to where a large, open-topped hutch arrangement has been placed on one of the desks. The News Kids are gathered round, some of them holding little bunnies. As Tiddler joins the crowd, we catch sight of a figure at the far side of the Newsroom. It is Cindy. We pan back with her as she heads solemnly over to Colin's storeroom. She goes in. The door closes behind her.

Spike and Lynda come through the Newsroom door, talking discretely.

LYNDA

Well?

SPIKE

I'm counting my fillings.

She smiles.

SPIKE

My foot still hurts though!

LYNDA

Hey, it was that good?  
(sees ahead)

Oh, look - Tiddler's rabbits!

We go with her as she pushes through the crowd, Spike following.

LYNDA

Let me see! Oh, Tiddler, they're lovely.

A shot of a lot of little bunnies hopping around the hutch.

TIDDLER

Want to buy one?

LYNDA

If I can choose it.

She is picking up one of the rabbits, looking at it delightedly.

LYNDA

Henry and George really have to get new names - with this kind of productivity!

TIDDLER

We've already seen to that.

LYNDA

Yeh?

KENNY

We took a vote in the Newsroom. And we thought, what with the high level of output and so on, that, ah...  
(grins at her)  
... 'Spike' and 'Lynda' would do nicely.

A shot of Spike and Lynda as they react to this. The bunnies hop around the hutch in the foreground. Spike stands next to Lynda as she cradles the little rabbit - almost a traditional family photograph.

There are giggles and sniggers from the News Kids - and looks of dawning realisation from Spike and Lynda as they finally realise the cat is out of the bag.

A quick shot of KEVIN raising his camera to his eye.

The shot of Spike and Lynda 'blinks' into a black and white still.

DISSOLVE TO:

725 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

725

A little while later.

Cindy is kneeling by one of the boxes, playing rather solemnly with a pile of pings she has taken from it.

After a moment, Colin comes through the door, heads to his filing cabinet.

CINDY

(quietly)  
Hi.

Colin starts wildly, turns. He sags against the filing cabinet in the aftermath of shock.

COLIN

Cindy, don't do that!

CINDY

(shrugs; goes back to her pings)  
Sorry.

Colin looks curiously at her, registering her mood.

COLIN

What's wrong?

CINDY

Nothing.

COLIN

(coming over to her)  
Why aren't you home?

CINDY

I'm going home. I'm just waiting.

COLIN

For what?

CINDY

(indicating the pings)  
Are these just like the ones you sold?

COLIN

Waiting for what, Cindy?

CINDY

My mum.

COLIN

Your parents are out? They leave you on your own?

CINDY

No.

COLIN

But you said...

CINDY

My dad's home.

COLIN

So what's the problem?

Cindy says nothing for a moment. She looks more closely at one of the pings.

CINDY

I want this one. Can I have it?

COLIN

(kneeling by her)

You don't like your dad, is that it?

Cindy doesn't reply. She doesn't even look up, just continues toying with the pings on the floor.

COLIN

Cindy, I get the feeling you're trying to tell me something.

CINDY

(suddenly, violently)  
I'm not!

COLIN

Then why...?

(breaks off, stares, frowning at Cindy)  
Are you frightened of your dad, Cindy?

Cindy looks away from him, doesn't reply. A suspicion enters Colin's mind.

COLIN

Your dad, does he... does your dad hit you, Cindy?

CINDY

(still looking away; quietly)  
He never hits me.

COLIN

Then why are you...?

As he says this he reaches a hand to her shoulder. On contact, she lunges violently away from him.

CINDY

Don't touch me!

Colin stares at her. Suddenly a new and more terrible thought is starting to occur to him.



FLASH: The moment in Czar's when their hands touched and Cindy snatched hers away.

COLIN  
(quietly; horrified)  
Oh, no...

FLASH: The moment in the street when he tapped her on the shoulder and she leapt away from him.

COLIN  
Oh God, no...

Cindy stares back at him, not understanding.

COLIN  
I can't deal with this.

Impulsively Cindy gets up, heads for the door. Colin makes it there first, stopping her opening it.

COLIN  
Cindy, listen to me. Is your father...  
is he...  
(takes a breath)  
Is he making you... do things? Bad  
things? Not hitting you, but making  
you do things?

Cindy won't meet his eye. She pushes at the door but Colin keeps it shut.

COLIN  
Is he?

Cindy looks up at him, tearful, frightened.

COLIN  
I'm right, aren't it?

Cindy doesn't reply. Colin's grip has gradually slackened on the door. Cindy pushes through it. She bangs straight into Tiddler on her way in.

TIDDLER  
Oh, ah... Are you Cindy Watkins?

COLIN  
How did you know she was with me?

TIDDLER  
Her father's here looking for her.  
(cheerily; to Cindy)  
Colin's been telling me all about you.

COLIN

Her father?

He looks around, sees a pleasant looking guy waiting at the other side of the Newroom.

COLIN

Tiddler, give us a moment will you?

TIDDLER

(going)  
Sure.

Colin turns to Cindy who is looking at him anxiously.

COLIN

Cindy...

CINDY

I've got to go!

She starts to head over to her father, hesitates, turns back to Colin. For a moment she seems about to say something - her look is frightened, helpless - then she turns and runs to her dad.

Colin stares at her in agony of indecision. He watches as she runs over to her father. They talk for a moment, then he takes her by the hand and starts to lead her from the Newsroom.

Shot of Colin as he steps forward as if about to call out. The words die in his throat.

Shot from Colin's P.O.V. as Cindy and her father go out the doors. We - and Colin - can just make out what they are saying.

CINDY

Is mum home?

FATHER

No.

They go. The doors swing shut behind them.

Shot of Colin, stricken-faced, staring after them.

Freeze frame.

"TO BE CONTINUED"

END TITLES